

PUBLIC DAILY LEDGER

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1896.

FIFTH YEAR.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1896.

ONE CENT.



If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to this effect.

Mr. Orlando P. Cox was in Cincinnati yesterday.

Mr. J. W. Foxworthy is visiting relatives at Mt. Gilead.

Mr. C. N. Bollinger of Lewisburg was in the city yesterday.

Miss Lala Grimes of Millersburg is the guest of friends here.

Prof. J. W. Ashurst is in the city, attending the teachers' examination.

Mrs. J. D. Peed is the guest of Mr. John Peed and family near Millersburg.

Miss Henrietta Davis is visiting her brother, Mr. Ben Davis, at Vanceburg.

Miss Alice Higginbotham is home after a lengthy visit to relatives in California.

Miss Carrie Hays left yesterday afternoon for a sojourn at Lake Chaquaque, N. Y.

Mr. J. L. Nicholson, representing M. C. Russell & Son, was in Vanceburg Wednesday.

Mrs. Mamie Cummings Parker of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. H. Nesbit.

Mrs. D. F. Frazer and niece, Miss Lida Frazer of Lexington, are visiting in the county.

Mrs. and Mrs. M. A. O'Hare are visiting the family of Mr. Charles Mack at Flemingsburg.

Mrs. H. Duke Watson and daughters leave today to visit Mrs. James Arthur of Millersburg.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter of Louisville is visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia Morgan of West Second street.

Mrs. Charles Lewis left yesterday for Charleston, W. Va., to see her mother, who is dangerously ill.

Mr. C. B. Avey of Cincinnati, one of the proprietors of the Maysville Steam Laundry, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Ida Collins of Flemingsburg, after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rains, left this morning for her home.

Miss Belle N. Rains left this morning for Lexington, where she will spend two weeks visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. John D. Tash and daughter arrived last night on the F. P. V. from Chicago to visit her sister, Mrs. J. C. Peor, and her father, Mr. James Smith of West Second street.

Mr. John Lynch, the polite, attentive and accommodating baggage-master at the C. & O. Depot in this city, went to Cincinnati this morning to consult an ear specialist, his hearing being affected.

Sarah Jane Dean, aged 45, has been adjudged of unsound mind and will be sent to the Asylum.

John W. Bateman qualified as Administrator, with will annexed, of James W. Bateman, with John Duly as surety.

Miss Kate Blatterman will teach Piano and Theory of Music at her home, No. 15 West Fourth street, commencing September 7th.

Attention, Young People!

The Union Meeting of all Young People's Societies will be held in the Baptist Church Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock prompt. The Union Church Services will be held at 7:30 in the same Church.

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MAYSVILLE WEATHER.

What We May Expect for the Next Twenty-four Hours.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

"Haze strongest—fair: Hum—rain of snow: Wind—black above—twill warmer grow."

Unless black's show—no change we'll see

If black's forecasters are made if it is a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 10 o'clock to-morrow evening.

Denis Griffith, a well-known citizen of Robertson, is dead at the age of 30.

Don't forget the A. P. A. ice cream supper Saturday July 19th, at corner of Wood and Second streets.

Judge Menzies' old home in Pendleton county was destroyed by fire last week. It was the first brick building erected in that county.

J. M. Dunbar, James Parker and William Holliday have been appointed appraisers of the personality of the late James W. Bateman.

Born, to the wife of Mr. Charles Richardson of Cincinnati July 15th, a fine daughter, Mrs. Richardson was formerly Miss Ola Wheeler of this city.

Mr. Edward T. Foster of Lexington and Miss Ava Sellers of Brookville were quietly married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Taylor, at Lexington Thursday afternoon.

The contract for grading a show track and building an amphitheater on the Fairgrounds at Mt. Olivet has been let and the date for the Fair set for September 30th to October 3d.

It is the unanimous opinion of every one who has priced the Watches offered by P. J. Murphy the Jeweler that he is offering them at lower prices than these goods have ever been offered. All his Watches are warranted to give satisfaction.

Mrs. W. H. Duxley, daughter of Mr. James Duxley of the Sixth Ward, died Wednesday at her home at Indianapolis. Her remains were brought here Friday and will be interred at Ebenezer Church this afternoon.

Elder C. B. Hilton, the popular young pastor of the Christian Church at Mt. Olivet, has tendered his resignation to take effect the 4th Sunday in this month. He also resigns as Pastor of the Churches at Piquette and Thompson.

Joseph Gilliam of Bridgeville, who was shot a few weeks ago by Andrew Galbraith in a fight over the school election, died Wednesday from an operation. He was shot in the left arm near the shoulder, the ball ranging downward, and it was found necessary to amputate the arm.

On Sunday the C. & O. will run an excursion to Cincinnati at \$1 for the round trip. The train passes this city at 8:50 a. m.; returning, leaves Cincinnati at 9 p. m., on special train, and the tickets will be good on that train only. The Baltimore and Cincinnati will play ball in the afternoon.

The Directors of the Ruggles Campground are ever looking after the welfare and comfort of those who may attend the meeting. A large sprinkling cart has been provided with which to spray the dust. The indications are there will be a larger number of tenters this year than ever. We have two more cottages for rent, and we have reserved several rooms for any persons coming from a distance and furnished with care. Come and enjoy the meeting with us.

Rev. Cyrus Riffe is holding a protracted meeting at Mt. Zion, Robertson county.

Fred Dorsey, colored, aged 54, died suddenly at the home of Mr. Lash Moran in Charleston Bottom Friday. Funeral tomorrow at 10 o'clock. Burial at the Cemetery in the Bottoms.

At Parks Hill campground Friday last, just after dinner, the large dining hall caught fire in the kitchen and it together with the booth and barber shop was destroyed. Part of the contents was saved, and the loss was covered by insurance. A new dining-hall on an improved plan is now in process of erection and will be completed in good time for the meeting.

DON'T KNOW HOW!

THE PARIS TEAM GETS SCALPED AT KNOXVILLE.

We are puzzled!

The Paris papers say their club can play ball.

But the reports from Knoxville would indicate to a man up a tree that they cannot.

They even go farther and say that they defeated Maysville's crack team, holding that as an example of their great ball-playing.

We happen to know something about our boys being defeated at Paris, however. Instead of being defeated, they made regular plays of the Hobos, giving them two games.

Having seen our boys play ball, we know that the Paris aggregation cannot defeat them.

The fact that Maysville gave them two games swelled their pates to such an enormous size that they went to Knoxville laboring under the delusion that the Indians would be dead easy.

They would have been a man from Paris allowed to work the indicator.

But, unfortunately for the Hobos, there is a gentleman in that fair Southern city whose name is Denny, and he happens to know the game.

He is not given to making the lives of visitors miserable.

The game yesterday afternoon was an excellent sample of what the Hobos know about playing ball, the score standing—

Knoxville, 8; Paris, 0.

And that's what they would have received had they given Maysville a fair deal.

There isn't an amateur team in the state that can hit Lever or Newton as safely nine times, not excepting the "great" team at the Bourbon capital.

NOTES.

Billie Earle is now catching for Baltimore.

Next week we may expect to see the Lexingtons play ball here.

Back errors gave the Maysville lads a nice clean shout at Lexington Wednesday. The boys should give the man in the box the support he deserves.

There are prospects of the Colonels of Louisville playing here on the 10th of next month. A letter from Manager Monaghan asking for that date has been received. We say let them come; they'll draw better than the Reds, and we believe put up a better game.

A letter from Manager Bancroft of the Cincinnati Reds states that it will be impossible for him to give our boys a date this season. The Managers of our team should make Bannan come to time for the game that should have been played in this city yesterday. There are lots of people who held off from the Knoxville games to see the Reds play, and this fact in itself is a big loss to our boys.

Charles Jackson and Anna Commodore, colored, were granted license to marry.

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LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE.

COLONEL TOM YOUNG'S SOUND POLITICAL ADVICE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 17th, 1896.

Editor Public Ledger: "Take my life, but spare my virtue," is the refrain sent by Marse Henry from "far across the deep blue sea," a companion piece for his famous call for 100,000 unarmed Kentuckians. But, joking aside, this bugle blast from Mr. Watterson has stiffened the spinal column of true Democracy throughout Kentucky wonderfully, and The Courier-Journal will be found occupying the sound-money field fully from now until the close of the polls in November, notwithstanding the threat of Dan O'Sullivan, the brilliant Editor of Sunday Critic, to start a free silver paper here by the 15th of August. Dan will have lots of fun if he does make ducks and drakes of "other people's money" in the effort to hold Kentucky in line for the Populist ticket. But, "after the battle, mother," The Courier-Journal will still be found "doing business at the old stand," backed up by a majority of 30,000 or 30,000 of the "no-compromise-with-dishonor" voters of the state.

The sentiment here is largely—I might say overwhelmingly—anti-Bryan, and I am also gratified to learn that the solid men out in the state are fast lining up against the most dangerous movement ever inaugurated in this country since the memorable days of '60. I see from this week's issue of The Owingville Outlook, one of the most ably edited Democratic papers in the Ninth Congressional District, that it repudiates the ticket and platform put up at Chicago. The Outlook is an old paper and wields a big influence. Its position insures the vote of Bath to McKinley and Pugh.

The newspaper is the representative of the advanced thought of the country, and when we see all of the leading papers of East, the South and a part of the West, without regard to past party affiliation, arrayed against the free silver heresy, at first glance it would seem that the coming contest would be almost too one-sided to be interesting. But it is because it is a heresy—because fanaticism is running rampant, that the silver cause is dangerous. Convince one of these fellows against his will and he is of the same opinion still. They know that the times are woefully out of joint; that things seem to be going to the demotion; but bows anyhow and that any change will be a good change. Underneath all of this there is a strong and natural current of communism—an envious jealousy of the shiftless and unfortunate against the well-to-do and prosperous which would hesitate to rifle a safe or say "stand and deliver" at the point of a pistol, yet would welcome any change, even of a violent nature, that would scatter this accumulated wealth broadcast. In the ensuing scramble they hope to get a part. It is a waste of time, therefore, to argue with the average free silver advocate. The only successful way to meet the crisis is for all of those who hold the United States and desire that the credit and the honor of the Nation shall be preserved untarnished, to lay aside all thought of party or party fealty and rally to the support of McKinley, who alone can deliver the country from the control of the Jacobins. This is the class of voters to whom all appeals must be addressed, and the appeals must be pitched on a plane as high as that I have indicated.

Kentucky is one of the doubtful states. Her vote may turn the scale in November.

Silverites

Fairly stout over our Silverware—it's so rich looking that one can't help but say it's just as good as gold. It is better for the table use—better for knives and forks and spoons—better than gold for all the things. There isn't any such array of silverware in force as we have here—all in the latest shapes and fashions.

Silver Platters, Silver Cups, Silver Sugar Bowls, Silver Knives, Silver Forks, Silver Spoons, Silver Butter Knives, Silver Pickles Jars, Silver Broom Sticks, Silver Tea Services, Silver Toilette Accessories, Silver this and Silver that.

There's nothing in silver that is not here, and we want you to see our silver display—Prices—They will speak for themselves.

J. BALEWICK, Jeweler, Maysville, Ky.

At least the fight should be made for the cause of sound money as though this were the case. Consequently I am glad the duty of selecting a Campaign Committee has fallen to the lot of Sam J. Roberts and Hon. John W. Yerkes. These two gentlemen hold party success higher than local partisanship, and are sure to give us a committee that will command the respect and confidence of the National Committee. This assures us a thorough organization and effective work.

One of the most delightful and pleasing musical treats was that given by the celebrated Maysville Band at Dieterich's Park last evening. The grounds were lighted by electricity, were cleaned and in good order, and those who have these concerts in charge should have in turn large crowds of our people in attendance.

THOMAS J. YOUNG.

Miss Retta J. Lloyd, daughter of Mr. James Lloyd of the county, and Mr. Charles J. Garrett, a prominent young business man of Plymouth, Ind., were married in this city July 4th by Judge Butchins.

One of the most delightful-looking places ever seen in the city was the beautiful grounds surrounding the residence of Mr. C. C. Dobys in the Fifth Ward last night. Numerous Japanese lanterns were hung around in the trees, making it look a veritable paradise. The occasion was a leap year party, given by the charming and interesting daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dobys.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Second Will Go to Augusta.

The annual convention of this the Second District Union Christian Endeavor will convene in Augusta the latter part of August.

The session will be held in the Presbyterian Church.

The two Endeavor Societies of the pretty town are now actively engaged in maturing plans and carrying out preliminary arrangements so that order, pleasure and success may be had.

Between forty and fifty delegates will be present.

The good people of Augusta having, by many previous efforts at entertaining, shown their capabilities and hospitality, will throw open their homes to welcome all delegates.

Every Society in the counties of Mason, Fleming, Lewis and Bracken are urged to appoint delegates and to help in every way to make this convention a complete success.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Halls Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

"Act today or weep tomorrow; Who delays is friend to sorrow."

Opportunities Neglected

Are Irrecoverable!

The man who knows a good thing when he sees it and grabs it quick, is the fellow who'll soon clip coupons and summer at the seashore.

Men's \$6 Hand-sewed Russia Calf Bais, all shades, for \$5.50

Men's \$6 Hand-sewed Veil Kid Bais, all shades, for \$5.50

Men's \$5 Hand-sewed Russia Calf Bais, all shades, for \$4.00

Men's \$4 Hand-sewed Russia Calf Bais, all shades, for \$3.50

Men's \$3 Tan Russia Calf Bais for \$2.00

Men's \$2 Tan Russia Calf Bais for \$1.00

NEVER MIND THE WHY.

HIGH GRADE SHOES

F. B. RANSON & CO.

No. 35 WEST SECOND STREET.

SLAUGHTER IN PRICES

HIGH-GRADE LOW-CUT SHOES AT HALF VALUE OR LESS!

See our tables of Woman's Oxfords at \$1; Men's at \$1 and \$1.50—Portsmouth made. Women's Twentieth Century Shoes, button and polish, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75; no such values ever offered in the state.

Bargains in all Tan Shoes—Men's, Women's, Misses' and Children's—High and Low Cuts. Come and see.

H. C. Barkley & Co.

W. W. BALL, Assignee.

THE BEE HIVE, SECOND STREET, MAYSVILLE, KY.

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SOME GOOD THINGS:

200 pieces Vendome Challies 2½c. yard.

60 dozen All-Linen Towels at 15c.

These are our regular 25c. qualities.

40 pieces Solid Black and Fancy Wool Challies at 10c. yard.

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The Bee Hive!

80 dozen Ladies' Shirt Waists at 25c.

These are Laundered, good Percale and well-made.

Some 20 pieces Plaid and Striped and Wash Silks at 14c. yard.

Inspect these and hundreds of other good things.

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GRANDPA'S FABLE.

BY MARION E. KNIGHT.



HE had just finished putting the children to bed, and was tired out and discouraged. It seemed to her that they never acted so badly as when visiting at her husband's home, where, of all places, she most wished them to show that they had been carefully trained. As she passed through the hall on her way to the piazza, she heard Aunt Louise say: "You never would have thought that Marguerite would be so poor a disciplinarian. Archie used to have so sweet a disposition, but she has spoiled it with bad training." And Mother Hathaway rejoined:

"His father never!" But Marguerite hurried on, glad not to know what naughty thing Archie did of which his father was never guilty. She drew a sigh of relief as she sank into a rocking-chair. She was so tired!

The three toddlers, for the oldest was only five, were lively, healthy, petting children, and bright enough to see that punishment was not quite so sure to follow their misdoings when they were at grandma's as when they were at home. The behavior was the worst yet, and Marguerite acknowledged to herself that Louise must be right. The trouble must be in her training. What a bit of redaction after she had tried so hard to do her whole duty as a mother!

Marguerite did not notice that grandpa was in his big, red chair at the end of the piazza, or she would have sighed less audibly; but grandpa, though apparently list in his newspaper, had heard all, and better still, his warm, fatherly heart had understood.

"Why! I haven't fed my biddies. How careless! Margret, don't you want to see me feed my biddies? Your chickens have gone to roost first to-night."

Now, Marguerite was too tired to care for hens or chickens, but she would not deny grandpa. So she took the proffered dish of cracked corn and proceeded to the hen yard.

It was late, and the chickens came running and flying up with clamorous haste. Grandpa was very methodical in his treatment of his feathered beauties. The hens had their regular troughs at one end of the large yard, while the chickens were served with dough spread on boards laid at the other end.

"Margret" was intrusted with the feeding of the hens. The more delicate and interesting duty of feeding the chicks grandpa always reserved for himself. Marguerite had soon completed her task and returned to watch grandpa as he carefully doled out the dough.

"Now, Margret," he began, "say what you're a mind to, a hen is an intelligent bird. See how knowing these chickens look when I hold out a handful of dough? 'Sh-off-ther, you big fellow. This ain't your table!' and grandpa waved his ladle stately at the half-grown chickens which were making quick work of the provisions of the tiny chicks. 'He's a greedy scamp, Margret, and I have to give him a lesson 'bout every day,' he sometimes said."

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"Margret, don't you want to see me feed the biddies?" continued to Marguerite, while he reached forward and gave the audacious rooster a vigorous tap on his back with the ladle. "Now you keep to your own table, sir."

"What beauties these little darlings are!" exclaimed Marguerite, as she picked up a tiny chicken and gently fondled it. It pecked softly at her hand and cuddled down with a confident air.

"Yes, yes, Margret," returned grandpa, "he ain't a week old. They're prettiest when they're youngest. And that reminds me of my first hen. I'd 'sposed I'd like her all right. I don't 'spose it's as good as 'Exop's or any of them noted fellers, but there's some truth in it and I wouldn't hurt you to hear it just about now."

Marguerite signified her desire to hear the fable, and grandpa went on: "You see that big, fat, saucy chicken over there? The one I whacked a minute ago?"

Marguerite assented with a silent bow.

"Well, now, he was in an early brood, and he was mighty cunning when he was the size of that feller you have in your hand—just a bunch of yellow and white down, with the cutest little head and brightest eyes. I used to tell mother he was prettier than her canary, and he was just a foot and a sight more interesting. What! Everybody fell in love with that chicken. Louise was so crazy over him she wanted to paint him. Just a while, she'd never seen such delicate colors."

"What a lovely bird!" said Marguerite, as she looked at the chicken in her hand.

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in a common fowl afore, and she had him in the house and cried to make him stand still while she took his picture. And Mrs. Williams—lives down in that brown house yonder—she used to come up to see him 'most every day, and she was always telling what a fine, handsome chicken he was and how modest, not greedy and ugly like some are; and she wanted I should sell her a settin' of his mother's eggs. She was sure he was a special fine breed. Here, there! stop that!"

Grandpa's voice was raised, and again the ladle came down on the naughty chicken, which was this time viciously pecking smaller companion.

"There! you see how I have to train him. What, where was I?"

"Mrs. Williams thought he was of fine breed," supplied Marguerite.

"Oh, yes! 'She's right 'bout that, too; though she's changed her mind now.' And grandpa chuckled to himself.

"But there's where the fable part comes in," he continued. "It was a pert fellow and grew 'mazing fast, and in course of nature, mind you, Margret, he lost off all his soft feathers, which always made me think of Archie's yellow curls; before you cut 'em off, they mean a lot, a real looking bird, which you never saw than that critter when he was gettin' his feathers. He ain't handsome now; but he was a sight three weeks ago, and no mistake! His pretty feathers all gone and only half a little pinfeathers sticking out all over him. And his disposition changed too. He was kinder off his feet awhile, and he stopped that pretty chirp the women folks liked so well. And he

grew ugly in his ways. That's when Mrs. Williams and Louise dropped his acquaintance. Mrs. Williams didn't want the settin' of eggs, and she had had considerable to say about his ugly temper."

"But, you see, I've raised chickens this 30 year and I didn't get scared so easy. He's got a smart look, and his eye he has lost his soft, little ways, and he carries his head pretty well for a young rooster. Louise said 'no end of fun of that critter, but I wouldn't let him go. He does give me on him by and by. He is pretty forward, always first for his dough and not over careful about crowding his younger chicks, and he's rather free with his beak when he can get a good dab at another's beak. Take him all around you might think him poor stuff."

Mother says he ain't worth raisin' and Mrs. Williams says he has inherited bad traits. She's great on heredity, you know. She declares I can never make anything out of him. He does give me a good deal of care. I have to rap him a half dozen times a day and I talk considerable to him—rather sharp sometimes, but—"

Grandpa paused while he scanned the flock carefully through his spectacles, as if searching for some particular chicken.

"Ah, there's the one I want," he cried. "Over there by the grape rack, that large, handsome cock with the big tail feathers. See him, Margret?"

Marguerite assured him that she had found the master spirit of the yard and added: "No question about his being of superior breed."

"Ah, ah," laughed grandpa, "you're right, just right, and this little trouble-some rascal is the same breed, proud and sure, and he's got the way he'll look a year from now. When he's strutting around next spring, scratching up worms for his flock and gallivanting his trues and sweethearts."

Marguerite asked him that she had found the master spirit of the yard and added: "No question about his being of superior breed."

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THE FARMING WORLD.

A Profitable Industry If Properly and Intelligently Conducted.

Success in raising squabs for market depends, first, upon a suitable site. The site should be large, dry and provided with plenty of nests. Second, upon proper care, including the keeping of the place clean, providing suitable food—whereas, very little chick feed and salt, and giving the birds a chance to fly, either in a large wire inclosure or, better still, at large. And third, upon the stock. There is no good foundation for this than the common pigeon, those with white plumage being preferred because white squabs sell for rather better prices than colored. Such birds, crossed with runts or dragons, the runts being preferred on account of size, will give the best possible stock for squab raising. Doubtless it can be made to pay when a good market for the squabs can be found.

From one pair of old birds about six or seven pairs of young can be raised in a season. If there are but six pairs, that will give a pretty good product, and as these birds often bring excellent prices, as much as three dollars is possible to be received as the income from a single pair of old birds. But to receive such a sum it is needful to a good price for the squabs. Common pigeons can be purchased almost everywhere at 25 to 50 cents a pair. Runts are occasionally advertised, but could be quite expensive to purchase.

A good pair of runts would be worth probably \$10. The squab raiser, however, should buy only runt cocks, and these need not be the best ones, so that he probably could get them at two dollars to three dollars each.—H. S. Babcock, in Farm and Home.

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NICE LITTLE STABLE.

Just Large Enough for the Accommodation of Three Horses.

There is stabling here for three horses, and by doing away with the harness closet four may be accommodated, or a cow. The covered drive in front, which may be inclosed at the end, will be found almost indispensable for hitching and unhitching, for washing the carriage under, for cleaning the horses, etc. The harness closet should have been shown with a window in it, and should be made

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Travel with a Friend

Who will protect you from those common enemies, mosquitoes, malarial and other diseases, produced by robbing on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of the ill laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicinal and tonic, which is a safeguard, which conquers all rheumatism, nervousness and biliousness.

"Mrs. O'Brien is one old maid who doesn't try to be a mother. 'You know I don't,' she says. 'Why?' 'Her two brother lives with her.'—Chicago Record.

Fits stopped forever and permanently cured. No other remedy. Use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Dr. Kline, 163 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

Interest is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.—Chesler Field.

Easily Rectified.—"Marie, I thought your physician told you that you were not strong enough to ride a wheel?" "Yes, but then I went to another doctor."—Chicago Record.

Not in Government Employ.—"Are you in company with the others and due many?" "No! I work for a living."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Blow.—"Here's a rather clever little book—'Don'ts for Club Men.' Slobo—'It isn't the 'don'ts' that worry me; it's the 'do's.'—Philadelphia Record.

Wife.—"How are you pleased with our new maid?" Husband—"Very much." Wife—"I thought so; I have discharged her."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Repaired.—"Savert (from the door)" "Here! My sister sends her compliments and would you please send your dog to her. He won't let him go to sleep." Neighbor—"Give my respect to Herr Mayer and tell him I shall be much obliged if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."—Lyndon List.

"Let's see," said the teacher. "Your name is Peter Marmaduke Jones?" "Yes, sir," said Peter. "But isn't your father Poppy and your mother old 'Mama'?"

